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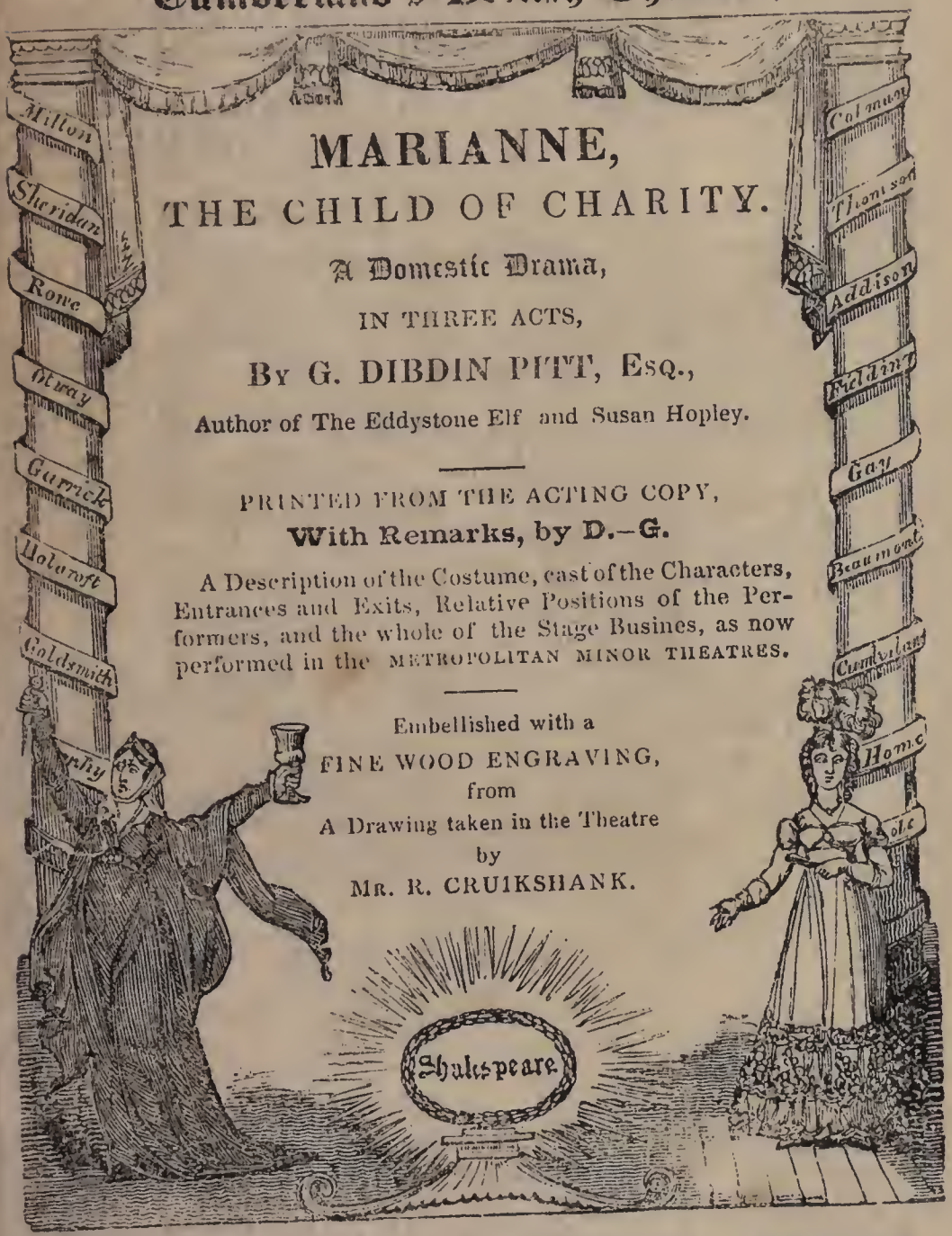

MARIANNE,

THE CHILD OF CHARITY.

A Domestic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS,

By G. DIBDIN PITT, Esq.,

Author of The Eddystone Elf and Susan Hopley.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, by D.—G.

A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Performers, and the whole of the Stage Busines, as now performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

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Marianne.

Job Scroggs. The mop's quite at your service! Now, my tulips! who's for the next twirl?

Act III. Scene 3.

MARIANNE,

THE CHILD OF CHARITY.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

In Three Acts,

By GEORGE DIBDIN PITT, Esq.,

Author of The Eddystone Elf and Susan Hopley.

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To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

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LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

Marianne.

'Tis a pity that people are not all alike sober-minded and regular. That life is not a level, arrowy road, without undulation and variety. What a world of trouble would it have saved the play-wright in drawing character and describing events, had man been merely a dogged, horse-in-a-mill, respectable animal, never deviating from the jog-trot path of monotony into the wild regions of eccentricity and whim! If minds had been all cast in the same mould, equally well balanced, and never inclining to extremes, there would have been no follies either to provoke laughter, or to draw tears—no, not even a sly chuckle in the sleeve, which convulses the prim quaker when, perchance, he hath proved too many for a brother broadbrim! Mankind would have been like a company of soldiers, dressed in the same fashion, marching in the same order, eyes right, or left, according to the word of command, and having no souls that they could have had the unpardonable audacity to call their own. It would have been "Yea" and "Nay" with the whole human race—man would have been a monysyllable personified, without sense to be right, and passion to be wrong. But nature, shrewdly judging that this dull uniformity of character, while it admitted but few glaring vices, would at the same time exclude many virtues, made this motley world a dish of all sorts; characters of the most opposite natures jostling each other in ludicrous variety, and in every attitude of contradiction. Hence the moderately honest man becomes a paragon of integrity when contrasted with the full-blown rogue, and the simpleton doubly simple when brought into juxta position with the wit. The rogue with the rogue, and the simple with the simple, would have been but a dull affair. If all folks married prudently and brought up their families respectably; if there were no erratic fathers and mothers; no all but unique phenomenon of an upright lawyer to contrast with a legion of rascally petti-

foggers; no damaged ladies of fashion; no vulgar, half-witted roués; and a long list of oddities from high life and low, much entertainment and instruction would have been lost to the closet and the stage. As it is, we are never without something to fix our attention, awake our sympathy, and relax our muscles. 'Tis the drift of the present drama to compass all three, and it is not unsuccessful.

Marianne is one of those children of fortune, whom providence has ordained to pass through a series of privations in early life, in order to render its future bounties more grateful; and by chastening the youthful mind with wholesome sorrow, to render it suscepticle of those kindly feelings that prosperity too often stifles, if not entirely subdues. Her unhappy mother is in her grave—her father no one knows where—and she might have perished, but for the fostering care of a protectress, not selected from the ranks of high-born dames, or wealth's purse-proud aristocracy in petticoats.—*They* have neither time nor inclination to succour private misfortune, but will subscribe liberally when their largess is proclaimed from the house-tops; and put their guinea into the Sunday plate, wrung, most probably, on the preceding Saturday from the over-worked and under-fed industrious and poor. This protectress is of the humblest grade—one Bridget Cormac, a warm-hearted Irish woman—who, having but little to spare, spends that little in a luxury not often included in the superfluities of the well-to-do in the world—the luxury of doing good. She lodges, feeds, and clothes the little outcast, and in due time sends her to the charity school to imbibe the usual modicum of useful knowledge. At the commencement of this drama, Marianne is grown to a merry rosy-cheeked lass with sufficient personal attractions to have won the heart of Charles Gayland, a spruce lawyer's clerk in the extravagant receipt of some veritable fifteen shillings per week salary. Prudence has delayed their union until that happy period, now fast approaching, when an advance of three weekly shillings shall render them moderately independent! A rich nabob, one Mr. Sefton, had died in the Indies, and his reputed heir is Sir Nicodemus Sefton, an illiterate jockey and blackleg, who is dissipating the large fortune he so unworthily inherits in the most sordid pursuits. For this temporary prosperity—for, thanks to eternal justice! it is *only* temporary—he is indebted to a rascally

confederate, one Grubwig, a bullet-headed, trencher-faced, snub-nosed, mealy-mouthed attorney, with a sardonic smile, a frosty complexion, a tye-wig, a well-brushed black suit, and polished boots encasing as villainous a pair of bandy legs as ever trampled the dirtiest and darkest holes and corners of human mendacity. Fifty thousand pounds, out of one hundred and fifty, are to be this gentleman's reward for his adhesion to Sir Nicodemus. It having transpired that Marianne is, after all, the heiress of the dead nabob, her case is kindly undertaken by Mr. Mansfield, a lawyer, the very reverse of Mr. Grubwig, who promises to see the poor girl righted. This puts the opposite party on the *qui vive*, and numerous are the stratagems they employ to get possession of Marianne. Mr. Nightshade, a desperate adventurer, and confederate of Grubwig, succeeds in alluring her into a suspicious-looking dwelling, where her screams alarm the faithful Irishwoman, who accompanies her to the door, and she is rescued from her impending fate—a detested marriage with the ruffian Knight. A second time she falls into their toils, through the instrumentality of Miss Charlotte Todd, a gay lady of very damaged fashion indeed! and is conveyed to a lonely cottage some short distance from town, where she meets the same unwelcome company that had recently so much annoyed her. Mr. Jacob Scroggs, an overgrown charity boy, a squat, pot-bellied, dumpling little Adonis, with short legs, lusty calves, a physiognomy arch and comical, and a voice droning through his nose like a cracked bagpipe—this unique personage, in one of his cockney suburban rambles, chanced to light on this same cottage with a most suspicious peep-hole drilled through the front door. Looking up, Mr. Scroggs espied a dandy gentleman sitting at the window, and beside him the fugitive Marianne. During an accidental interview with Mrs. Bridget Cormac, Jacob, after some collateral cuts and flourishes highly peculiar and characteristic, electrifies her with the startling news; and receives for his pains the liberal gratuity of a crown. In consequence of this information, Charles Gayland, and M'Coley the stout Irish footman of Mr. Mansfield, apply at the cottage for admission; but the inmates are too wary to open the door; and it is not until Grubwig and his myrmydons steal quietly in, that the stronghold is regularly stormed. Nightshade, who has played the part of Marianne's

father to pacify the mob that rushed to her rescue, must now try his hand at murder; the time having arrived, when it is imperative that Mr. Mansfield, their persevering antagonist, should receive his final quietus. Their victim is consequently waylaid in a wood, attacked by a hired band, and left for dead.

After a lapse of many eventful years, a stranger appears upon the scene. He has escaped from a long captivity; and haggard, destitute, and in rags, he wanders he knows not whither. The worthy Mr. Grubwig, much disconcerted in his plans, and sadly puzzled how to realise them, has been communing with his respectable self in a tolerably audible soliloquy. Turning suddenly round, he is startled by this unexpected apparition of tattered misery; and as Mr. Grubwig concludes that every famished man must needs be a rogue, he accosts the stranger, and offers him terms to become scoundrel. In doing this, he necessarily mentions names.—The old familiar one of "Sefton" strikes upon the stranger's ear, and revives sorrowful recollections of happy years long since passed away! He is no less than Captain Sefton himself, who is supposed to have died abroad —and Grubwig proposes—after entering into some deeply interesting domestic details—that the *real* father shall personate the *presumed* absent one; in order that Marianne may be completely in the power of her persecutors. A meeting between the parent and child speedily takes place; and though grief and time have made sad havoc with the manly features and form of the once comely Captain Sefton, no sooner does Marianne behold the stranger, and hear him pronounce her name, than she recognises her restored father, and falls upon his neck in a transport of tears and gratitude! Capital acting!—and miss, too, how merrily she unaccountably humours the trick! chuckles the reptile Grubwig. The services of Mr. Nightshade are again in requisition. The delinquent stranger, having abundantly earned his wages, and Marianne being in the safe custody of the lawyer and the knight, Mr. Grubwig, a tyrant in a small way, resolves to imitate his superiors, who doom their tools of guilt to die when they have quite done with them. He therefore hints to his old crony that this stranger may one day prove a very troublesome customer, and that the sooner he is rendered incapable of telling ugly tales the better. Mr. Nightshade assents with a knowing nod and a

grim smile, while his palm itches violently to clutch the promised bribe. But there are virtuous agents at work to circumvent this new villainy; and without entering into more minute details, we may remark, that Captain Sefton discovers himself to the mendacious crew, to their utter consternation and ruin; that a party of friends, marshalled by the young lawyer's clerk and the Irishman, rush to the rescue of the sometime charity girl; and that, just as the too-forgiving Captain Seyton is about to sign a paper highly prejudicial to his pecuniary interest, Mr. Mansfield, who was only slightly wounded by the assassins, enters and prevents him. Those who deserve to be happy are made so; while guilt receives its due share of reprobation and contempt.

This drama was well acted. Miss Vincent made her usual impression, which is always a favourable one, in the the character of Marianne. Mr. Osbaldiston, who had but little to do, did that little with discrimination and feeling. The enamoured attorney's clerk was a judicious representation by Mr. J. T. Johnson—we never heard better *pleading* not even from counsel learned in the law. The full deep voice of Mr. Henry Howard gave due effect to the honourable sentiments of Lawyer Mansfield—and a more villainous compound of sordid pettifogging, or pestilent incarnation of legal leprosy never haunted society than Grubwig, as emboddied by the ingenious Mr. Jones. The vulgar dare-devilry of Sir Nicodemus was well hit off by Mr. Higgie—to use an appropriate sporting phrase, he was Swell Mob got by George Barrington out of the City Barge! The fashionable fine lady (Miss Terry) was a true picture of laughing frivolity; one of those light frothy things, that flit along the surface of society, and enjoy their butterfly day. The prime buffoon is Jacob Scroggs (Mr. John Herbert), an oddity that high life will hardly comprehend, but to low, he will be a sweet morsel in the mouth. His love song, with its thrilling falsetto, not unlike certain musical variations on "*Milk below!*" was of itself well worth the price to pit, box, and gallery.

☞ D.——G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Royal Victoria Theatre.

Sir Nicodemus Sefton (*an ignorant Jockey*) . .	Mr. T. H. Higgie.
Captain Sefton (*Father to Marianne*)	Mr. Osbaldiston.
Mr. Mansfield (*a Lawyer*)	Mr. H. Howard.
Mr. Grubwig (*a Lawyer*)	Mr. Ersser Jones.
Charles Gayland (*a Young Clerk, in Love with Marianne*)	Mr. J. T. Johnson.
Job Scroggs (*Head Charity Boy of St. Lawrence*)	Mr. John Herbert.
Shamus M'Coley (*Servant to Mansfield*) . . .	Mr. Watkins.
Nightshade (*a Desperado*)	Mr. W. Searle.
Sergeant Halbert (*formerly Servant to Captain Sefton*)	Mr. Henry.
Miss Charlotte Todd (*a Lady of Fashion*) . .	Miss Eliza Terry.
Marianne (*a Child of Charity*)	Miss Vincent.
Bridget Cormac (*an Irish Woman*)	Miss Jefferson.

Policemen—Male and Female Servants—Mob.

Costume.

SIR NICODEMUS SEFTON.—*First dress*: Tweed shooting coat—white breeches—jockey boots, with drab cloth tops—white felt hat. *Second dress*: Showy-plaid trousers—white waistcoat—drab coat, in the extreme of fashion.

CAPTAIN SEFTON.—*First dress*: Ragged blue trousers—red waistcoat, and striped shirt—hair cap. *Second dress*: Blue military frock coat and sash—blue trousers, with red stripe.

MR. MANSFIELD.—Black frock coat and waistcoat—gray pantaloons—black hessian boots.

MR. GRUBWIG.—Blue body coat, with bright buttons—buff waistcoat—black breeches—black boots.

CHARLES GAYLAND.—Black frock coat and trousers—white vest.

JOB SCROGGS.—*First dress*: Charity boy's blue coat and waistcoat, with badge—buckskin breeches—yellow stockins—shoes and buckles. *Second dress*: Dab breeches—corderoy coat—blue waistcoat—worsted stockings—shoes—low-crowned hat.

SHAMUS M'COLEY.—Blue livery coat, with red collar and cuffs—white breeches—waistcoat and stockings—black hat, with gold band.

NIGHTSHADE.—*First dress*: Mackintosh coat—red waistcoat—gray trousers—white hat. *Second dress*: Ibid, very much worn.

SERGEANT HALBERT.—Uniform of the 44th Regiment.

MISS CHARLOTTE TODD.—Black velvet boddice—pink satin petticoat—black velvet Polka—white bonnet and feathers.

MARIANNE.—*First dress*: Dark blue marino gown—white apron—mob cap—yellow mits and stockings—shoes and buckles—gray cloak and straw bonnet. *Second dress*: White muslin walking dress—black velvet bonnet and cardinal.

BRIDGET CORMAC.—Dark chintz gown—check apron—old fashioned black hat, trimmed with lace—gray stockings—shoes and buckles.

MARIANNE,

THE CHILD OF CHARITY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street at the East End of London.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* SHAMUS M'COLEY, R. S. E.

M'C. Mother of angels! it's getting crazed I am. The sight's just bidding good bye to my eyes, or I never could mistake the Commercial Road for Westminster Abbey.—Sure, and if my master was here, he'd fancy I'd been having my morning's dram; but sorrow's the drop I've tasted since the last glass I took wid Mister Shamus M'Coley. [*Looking about, doubting which way to take.*] It's myself that never likes to drink at all alone.

Enter BRIDGET CORMACK, L., *crossing to* R.

M'C. [*Running against her, and recognizing.*] Luck alive! how's every bone in your body, Biddy Cormac?—Bedad! I'm glad to see you, avourneen.

Bri. Ah! Shamus M'Coley, and I'm glad to see you! Why, man alive, where have you and your master been this many a day?

M'C. We've been travelling on the great continent abroad, collecting evidence for a case that's to come off before the big wigs at Doctor's Commons; but it's all bother and blarney, Biddy—my master, Mr. Mansfield, has got a dear delicate conscience of his own, and is too honest by half for a lawyer.

Bri. Ah! Mr. Mansfield is a dear good man.

M'C. But tell me, how does the world wag wid ye, Biddy? and what's become of the pretty little girl you took to about a dozen years ago?

Bri. What, my Marianne? Bless her! she's the com-

fort of my life; she's grown a beauty; and for sense and heart, she needn't give the wall to a duchess.

M'C. Wasn't it an odd way that yourself got acquainted with the cratur, jewel?

Bri. Aye, if there's anything strange in helping the innocent in distress; but you shall hear:—The mother of Marianne lived in a back room at a shop near me; she was a real lady, but sorely pressed, poor soul! and supported herself and child by needlework.

M'C. Ah! "That's little to get on with," as the man said, when he cleaned his jack-boots with the tooth-bush.

Bri. Well, the mother died, and when the bits o' things were sold, they scarcely brought money enough to lay her decently in the earth. So says I, "It's myself that'll take the little orphan under my own care; to be sure, I'm poor enough, but Heaven will help me to give the bit and the sup." So I took her home, then got her into the public school, and well did she look in her pretty blue dress, and white cap and apron, and her yellow mits and medal. Ah! such, as she need take no shame to herself, but leave it to them that made her a child of charity.

M'C. True, Biddy, true. Oh, for the emerald isle! ye've got the heart of a genuine old Irish woman.

Bri. I found that her mother's name was Sefton, seeing that she married Captain Sefton, the youngest son of Sir William Sefton, one of the richest men in the country, which so offended the father, that he never would see either of them again. Unfortunately, they had contracted debts they were unable to pay; creditors came on them, and the captain was forced to sell his commission to defray the expences of his wife's illness.

M'C. Ah! life's a stormy sea, on which we poor mortal cockleshells are tossed about like a dog on the horns of a bull.

Bri. After bad, came worse, till at last he enlisted under a feigned name as a private soldier, and went abroad, where he soon died of the yellow fever. [*Crosses to* R.

M'C. Poor souls!—and with rich relations, too. But, Biddy, I heard last week, that his father, Sir William Sefton, was dead.

Bri. Aye, he died of grief, 'cause his eldest son the squire broke his neck in a fox chase. If the poor captain had lived, he'd have come in for the title and estates. I've

tried my best to get my little girl righted, for she's the real heiress; but for the present I have failed, and all the estates have gone to a wicked, hard-hearted man, who says that my Marianne's mother and the captain were never married. I have searched in vain for the certificate of the marriage, and no one will step forward to help a poor old woman and a child of charity; so, for the want of a friend and a little money, the poor girl is choused out of her property.

M'C. Bad luck to the money! "It's the ruin of us entirely," as the goose said, when she swallowed the penny piece.

Bri. [*Musing.*] A thought that's just struck me——

M'C. "Out with it at once!" as the elephant said, when he'd got a gnat in his eye.

Bri. Will you speak to your master, Mr. Mansfield the lawyer, perhaps he would undertake her cause. I know it will cost a vast of money; but if he wins the suit, he shall be paid to his heart's content.

M'C. Sure and I'll do my best for you, Biddy, for country's sake. My master's a good soul and a sound lawyer; but he generally contrives to lose ten cases out of a dozen—I tell you that to comfort you—he won't speak a word against his conscience for all the briefs in Doctor's Commons, the Queen's Bench, or any other bench. And, i'faith, he's right, Biddy—"Honesty's the best policy," all the world over. [*Music.—Exeunt, M'Coley* L., *Biddy* R.

Enter SIR NICODEMUS SEFTON *and* GRUBWIG, R. S. E.

Sir N. Come along, Old Latitat; I've got to drop in at Tattersals this morning to make up my book, and it won't do to go to sleep—so rouse up, my rum 'un.

Gru. Mr. Nic——*Sir* Nicodemus, I mean, you should recollect that I am——

Sir N. An old rogue—that's a settled point between us—we understand one another. You've got me into a good thing by finding out that I, Nick Sefton, the feeder and trainer, am heir at law to the late Sir William Sefton. I'll tell ye the pedigree:—My grandfather was the son of old Geoffrey Sefton the exchange broker, and his dam——

Gru. Dam! Bless my soul! Sir Nicodemus, you forget yourself; you are not a jockey now.

Sir N. No; but you say, I can't walk quietly over the

course; that there's a young filly, who, if she had a good 'un to back her, would do me out of the gold, though I've won the first heat.

Gru. The matter stands thus, Sir Nicodemus:—You, though distantly related, are at present the real heir at law to Sir William Sefton; he had two sons, the first died unmarried, the second married and had a daughter, who, if brought forward by a clever lawyer, would set aside your claim.

Sir N. Ah, well, never mind; you are to get me a plum and a half; I pocket the plum, and you collar the half. Warn't I precious green to promise so much, eh, old tiger?

Gru. You have behaved most munificently, Sir Nicodemus, and I thank you. Now it is well known that the second son of Sir William left a daughter, who is still living, and as the long gowns will be after her, it must be our care to be beforehand with them, and secure her first.

Sir N. Grubby, you're an out-and-outer—the keenest look-out on both sides o' the way—bite 'em sly, I ever cross'd. If I'd a horse to run for the St. Ledger, I should know on which side to make up my book. You're a regular old doo!

Gru. All for your good, Sir Nicodemus; I care not for myself. I have traced this girl, she is under the protection of an old Irish woman. Her presence in Westminster Hall would be inconvenient to us. She must instantly be removed. I have a friend in the seafaring line, and if we can get her safe on board his ship, he will take her to one of our colonies, where she may get a husband and settle for life. It would really be a good thing for the poor girl—I should then feel quite comfortable about her—it would be acting like a father to her.

Sir N. Exactly—just as my father used to serve me. When I was a little jockey, and anybody dropped me a guinea, he'd collar the ocher, and if I chanced to grumble, he'd hoist me out of the room on the point of his boot.

Gru. You have a pleasant wit, Sir Nicodemus. Now if we fail to ship off the young lady, I'll get the friend I mentioned to you to personate her father, and represent himself as just escaped from captivity: she, of course, will fall into the trap, the pretended father will exert his authority, and dispose of her as we see fit.

Sir N. But who is this friend of yours?—my namesake, Old Nick, eh? I know you've got him in your stud—I smoke you! Well, I must bolt—sorry to leave you—see you at feeding time. Won't I be a figure on the turf now?—Buy all the best bits of blood—my own feeder and trainer—take all bets—win every cup, sweepstakes, and match, in the country! I'm the boy! Sir Nic, the first jockey on the turf! Go it, my pippins! D—me! I'll cut a splash!—Yoiks! Yoiks! [*Exit*, L.

Gru. Let me see,—half a plum, fifty thousand pounds; very pretty indeed. How lucky that I should have known something of this young man—who, by the bye, I always thought would come to the gallows. How fortunate that I should see the advertisement, and that I should step forward as a friend and offer to get him the hundred thousand pounds for a mere trifle for myself. [*Musing.*] Suppose, now, that the girl would be content with fifty thousand pounds, and let me take the hundred thousand for my trouble!—Glorious idea! The protegee of an Irish apple woman must jump at the offer! [*Music.—Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*Bridget's Kitchen—a door*, R. F., *opening into the street.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* CHARLES GAYLAND, D. F.

Cha. [*Calling.*] Marianne! Marianne! Where can she be? I know that Bridget is not at home, and I haven't had a kiss these three days; she must be somewhere here. Oh! she has seen me coming. and is hiding herself to tease me. [*Looking off*, L.] I know she's here.

Enter JOB SCROGGS, D. F.

Job. Come, none of that, I say—I'll tell.

Cha. Is that you, puppy? Begone! before you get your head broken.

Job. Oh, ah! I dare say—strike one of yer own size.—You ain't got no business here.

Cha. And pray, what may be your business?

Job. I'm come to see my Marianne.

Cha. Your Marianne?

Job. Yes, she don't belong to your school, does she?—She's topmost of all the girls, I'm topmost of all the boys—our one-eyed usher says we're sure to come together.

Cha. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! Marianne have you!—Here, take a penny, little boy, to buy gingerbread.

Job. Keep your penny to pay for a shave, ven your gets a beard. Vot are you?—only a lawyer's clerk, vot spends your evenings in the coffee house, acause the half pint and muffin does for tea and supper, and you reads the paper for nothin.

Cha. If you don't make your escape at the door, I'll fling you through the window!

Joe. No, you won't!

Cha. Or put you up the chimney!

Job. No, you won't! You touch me, that's all! You ain't no business here—I'll stay till Mrs. Cormac comes in. I orders all my fruit of her.

Cha. Well then, if you won't go quietly, I'll eject you by main force.

[*Music.—Charles seizes Job, and throws him across into* R. *corner—Job's cap falls off in the scuffle.*

Enter MARIANNE, *hurriedly*, D. F.

Mar. (C.) Stay! stay! Charles! don't hurt poor Job. What! quarreling in mother's house!

Job. [*Getting up*, R.] Mind, Marianne you're my witness; you seed me down, and him a burking of me; but you'll soon see how I'll put him down. Don't you like me best now, Marianne?

Mar. [*Smiling.*] Really, I don't know about that, Job—you must excuse me. [*Goes up with Charles.*

Job. Eh? Oh! werry well! you know your mother's out, or you'd say summat else. [*Charles kicks his cap across to* R.] I'll have you up before the board for damaging the parochial property. I'll pull you up, mind! [*Charles threatens him.*] I'll go and take my haffidavy, and you'll get a regular three monther.

[*As Job is going out, Charles threatens and throws his hat at him.*

Mar. Poor Job!

Job. [*Peeping in.*] I say, Charley, what income tax do you pay out of your fifteen bob and a tanner?

[*Pops out quickly, and exits.*

Cha. (L.) Impudent fellow! Marry you, indeed!

Mar. (R.) You forget, Charles, that Job and I are equals. Nay, more, he has advantages that I have not—he has friends; I have none but my dear mother and you, and she must leave me soon. Who, then, will protect me?

Cha. [*Taking her hand.*] I will. Are you not my bride elect. [*Kisses her.*

Enter BRIDGET CORMAC, D. F.

Bri. (C.) Heyday! what's this to do?

Mar. [*Starting.*] Oh, dear mother! it wasn't Charles's fault; he came to say——

Cha. [*Confused.*] Yes, I only came here to say——

Bri. Well, but what did you come here to-say?

Cha. It was about—yes, about the——

Mar. You know, Charles—you were saying—that—dear me, what was it you were saying?

Cha. Upon my word, I almost forget—

Bri. You had better mind your master's business, than waste your time here.

Mar. Indeed, mother, he was not wasting his time, we were not doing any harm—only——

Bri. I don't say there's any harm in it, but you are both very young—and I'd have you know, Charles, I don't like your running after my Marianne. I've just seen Mr. Mansfield, and he says, if the certificates of her birth and her mother's marriage can be produced, she'll surely get her fortune; and if she should——

Cha. No one would rejoice more heartily than Charley Gayland. But she hasn't got it yet, and if she should not—

Bri. But I say she will—I shall live to see her ride pass my old cot in her own carriage.

Mar. No, dear mother, I'll never ride in my carriage if you and Charles do not share it with me. [*Crossing to* C.] If I were even worse off than I now am, Charles would still be true to me; and had I a fortune, could it change me, think you? No, dear mother! Marianne the rich will be the same girl as Marianne the poor; my circumstances may alter, but my heart, never! What shall compensate me for the loss of our clean little kitchen—you sitting at work by the fireside—Charles reading to us of an evening—and I—Oh! can there be anything so delightful?

Bri. Tilly-vally, child! When you become a rich lady, you must go to operas, plays, and all sorts of grand doings,

and forget the like of us. How could you take Biddy Cormac and Charley Gayland the lawyer's clerk there, avourneen?

Mar. If such are the conditions to be imposed upon me, rather let them keep the fortune, and I remain the simple girl I am.

Cha. There! there! you hear, mother! Now I've something to tell you: I'm to have a rise of three shillings a week at Christmas, and then—[*A knocking heard at the door*, R. F.] There's that foolish fellow Job coming again.

[*Music.—Marianne opens the door.*

Enter NIGHTSHADE, D. F.

Nig. (R. C.) Is your name Cormac?

Bri. (R.) It is, sure, and I'm not ashamed of the same.

Nig. You have a girl under your care by the name of Marianne Sefton?

Bri. There she is.

Nig. She must go with me.

Omnes. You!

Nig. Aye; a grand lady, one of the family, wishes to see her; there's good news for her, so lose no time.

Mar. Oh! Charles, should they take me away——

Bri. Yes, sir, yes. Come, child, slip on your bonnet and mits, my darling, and we'll go with the gentleman directly.

Nig. We! You are not wanted; 'tis the young girl only. I was charged to bring no strangers with her; the lady knew her mother, and wishes to see if she bears any likeness to her. [*Goes up*, C.

Cha. [*To Bridget.*] You won't let her go by herself—I don't like the looks of that fellow.

Mar. No, pray, mother, don't let me go.

Bri. Well, well. [*To Nightshade.*] My good man, if the young girl is to see this lady, I go with her, or she don't budge a step,—that's flat.

Cha. And I'll go with you, too.

Mar. Yes, that you shall, Charles.

Nig. Any more of ye? Do you think a grand lady will have a parcel of folks like ye intruding on her? When little people get a chance of having their bread buttered on both sides, they must not be too particular.

Mar. Mother, I can't go without you and——

Nig. [*Aside.*] I'll settle it! [*Aloud.*] You may go with us to the door, my good woman; the lady may have questions to ask you. I was sent here by lawyer Mansfield.

Bri. Mr. Mansfield! Oh, yes! get your bonnet.—[*Marianne goes off*, L., *and returns with her bonnet and cloak.*] Come along! I warrant I'll take care of my girl.

Cha. Mayn't I come, my Marianne?

[*Kisses her hand, while Bridget and Nightshade converse apart.*

Mar. No—that is—yes—I mean if—hush! I shall look behind for you, but don't let mother see you.

Nig. Come, let's away.

Bri. Make fast the door, Charles, and go to your office. Come, ma colleen, you'll make a golden wife for an emperor some day.

[*Music.—Exeunt Nightshade and Bridget*, D. F.—*Marianne is following—Charles beckons—she returns, and as he steals a kiss, Bridget turns back hastily—Marianne, in confusion, runs off*, D. F.

Cha. Dear girl!—dear wife that is to be! 'Twould break my heart to lose her!

Enter MR. MANSFIELD, D. F.

Man. (R.) Is Mrs. Cormac at home?

Cha. (L.) No, sir.

Man. Are you her son?

Cha. Not yet—I'm going to marry her adopted daughter.

Man. Where is the good woman and her charge, Marianne Sefton? I would see them.

Cha. [*Aside.*] I'll be on my guard; there may be some trick here. [*Aloud.*] They are not at home, sir.

Man. Do you know where she is gone? You may speak freely, my name is Mansfield.

Cha. I beg pardon, sir. They have just gone off to the lady, who wished to see Marianne, with the messenger whom you sent.

Mar. I have sent no one. If Mrs. Cormac loses sight of her, she may be carried off, perhaps murdered.

Cha. Marianne murdered! I shall go mad!

Man. Do you know whither they are gone?

Cha. No, sir, I forgot to ask; but I'll not rest till I find her. This way, sir—quick! this way!

[*Music.—Exeunt, hastily*, D. F.

SCENE III.—*An Obscure Street—a large old fashioned House—a practicable door*, C. F., *and bedroom window over it.*

Enter JOB SCROGGS, R.

Job. Last Easter Monday, I paid fifteen pence for Marianne at Bagnigge Wells, 'cause Charley had no change. See if I don't summon him. I'll make Marianne's heart ache afore next Monday morning, ven she sees me cutting to church with Sukey Soursawkins in her scarlet bonnet and ribbons and light blue handketcher and yellow gown. [*Surveying the house.*] Hollo! who lives here? This house was to let yesterday; it's a queer 'un, I fancy—no better than it should be. [*Music.*] Somebody's coming; I'll watch 'em a bit. [*Retires*, R. S. E.

Enter GRUGWIG *and* SIR NICODEMUS, L.

Sir N. (R.) This is the consarn, eh? When she goes in at the front door, she's to be taken out at the back, and booked for the herring pond, eh, governor?

Gru. (L.) Yes, Sir Nicodemus; I went yesterday to the neighbourhood of the Irish woman, and found that Mansfield had taken up the cause against you. He is clever, but unlucky. Nightshade will be too much for him; that fellow is worth his weight in gold. Then I have witnesses to swear that the Irish woman stole the girl; so, one way or other, we cannot fail to secure her.

Sir N. She's a tidy tit, Grubby, pretty, and well on her pins. I'll come the generous and marry her, then——

Gru. Right, I was thinking of that.

Sir N. There ain't no call to give you the fifty thousand, because I shall be regularly booked.

Gru. That don't exactly suit my book, but—[*Sightshade is heard without*, L.] Hark! [*Looking off*, L.] There they are! The girl once in our power, we must not stand on trifles—nay, not even——

Sir N. I understand. Go your hardest, only mind I win! [*They retire up towards the house—Job comes forward, walks round and watches them.*] Go away, little boy. [*Exeunt into the house.*

Job. Little boy! I wonder where he'll find his men, eh! What's the move? Some lark going on here! [*Looking*

off, L.] Hollo! if here ain't Marianne and the old woman. I'll watch again. [*Hides*, R.

MUSIC—*Enter* NIGHTSHADE, BRIDGET, *and* MARIANNE, L.

Nig. This is the house.

Bri. Dear me, how lone it seems!

Mar. Pray don't let us go in, mother, no grand lady can live there; let us go back.

Nig. You are frightened without a cause. I didn't say the lady lived here, she only comes here to see you. [*To Bridget.*] You'll remain here, good woman; I'll tell the lady you wait. The youngster can come with me.

Mar. [*Alarmed.*] Mother!

Bri. If it be for your good, darlint.

Nig. It's no business of mine; but the girl may find a friend, and be able to repay you.

Mar. Yes, yes! I may be able to give you comfort, dear mother; you shall work for me no more. I'm ready, sir. [*Going.*] A strange emotion comes over me; do not leave the door, mother.

[*Music.—Exeunt Marianne and Nightshade into the house.*

Bri. I could have waited as well in the passage—it's very odd that I should not be admitted, I don't like the look of the house!

Job. [*Coming forward*, R.] I say, Mrs. Bridget, that's a queer shop.

Bri. Job here! What do you know of it?

Job. Nothin; only they talks about murdering somebody—'taint no business of mine.

Bri. Murder! Oh, my child! my child!—I'll pull the house down!

Job. Then they'll pull you up for house breaking.

[*A violent scream heard in the house.*

Bri. It's my Marianne! [*Kicking and knocking at the door.*] Villain! I'll raise the place! [*Calling.*] My child! my child!

Job. Here's a shindy! Give me a lucifer, I'll set the house in a blaze!

MUSIC.—*Enter Police and Mob*, R. *and* L.

Bri. Break down the door, I charge you!

Nightshade. [*Looking out at the window.*] I give that woman in charge for constantly annoying and disturbing me.

Policeman. [*Seizing Bridget.*] Come along, mistress, these games won't do.

Bri. You are deceived—hear me! They have inveigled my child into that den to murder her.

Policeman. What proof have you?

Job. [*Advancing*, R.] I give you my word and honour as a gentleman. [*They all laugh.*] What d'ye laugh at? am I the first gentleman that has sprung from a charity school? She's my wife that is to be, and——

[*Music.—A loud scream heard.*

MARIANNE *rushes from the house, followed by* NIGHTSHADE, GRUBWIG, *and* SIR NICODEMUS.

Nig. Police and gentlemen, I call on you to assist me to preserve my child, whom this woman has stolen from me!

Bri. Villain! 'tis false!

Job. It's a whopper and no mistake!

[*Nightshade threatens Job.*

Mar. Good people, hear me!

Nig. Here are my witnesses, Mr. Grubwig and Sir Nicodemus Sefton. My wife, the mother of this girl, basely forsook me and her offspring. This woman would make my child the instrument of a gross imposition.

Mar. No, no, it is not true! though the child be separated from the parent, still nature will plead within, and its heart will pant to the author of its being. If this man be indeed my father, why for fifteen years did he leave me to starve? If he has known me as his child all this time, why did he not come forward and claim me, when, but for my aged protector, I had been abandoned to the parish? I demand the rights of an English subject,—let me not be dragged away as a slave—they would murder me—they would tear me from her who has been my friend, protector, and parent. Save me, good people! save me, I implore ye!

Mob. [*Advancing*, R.] We will! we will!

Nig. [*Seizing Marianne*, L.] She is my child!

Bri. [*Furiously*, R.] Let me come at him!

Gru. Police, beat off the mob, and do your duty.

Bri. He shall not rob me of my child—to the last I will protect her!

[*Music.—The Police attack the Mob, and drive them off*, R. S. *and 3d* E.—*Nightshade is dragging off Marianne, assisted by Grubwig and Sir Nicodemus.*

Enter CHARLES GAYLAND, *hastily*, L. U. E., *followed by* MR. MANSFIELD—*Charles rushes forward*, C., *throws Nightshade to* L. *corner, and Grubwig to* R.—*The Police and Mob re-enter* R.

Cha. [*Clasping Marianne.*] Wretches, stand off!

Mar. Charles! my dear Charles!

Cha. (C.) Advance, or lay a finger on her, and by heaven, I'll fell thee to the earth!

Job. [*Pulling off his coat*, R.] That's right, Charley—pitch into them, and I'll pick you up.

Nig. (L.) Police, do your duty!

Man. (R. C.) Aye, police, do your duty—seize that fellon, Nightshade!—Robert Nightshade, who was cast for robbery and murder, and afterwards made his escape from Newgate—I, William Mansfield, prosecutor for the crown, denounce him!

[*Music.—A loud shout—Nightshade is secured by the Police*, L.—*Job and Mob attack Grubwig*, R.—*Mansfield stands*, R. C.—*Bridget kneels to him—Marianne faints in the arms of Charles.—Tableau.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A handsome Apartment at the Mansion of Sir Nicodemus Sefton—Pictures of horse-racing, hunting, pugilism, &c.—chairs and table, with wine*, R. C.

GRUBWIG *discovered seated* R., *and* SIR NICODEMUS, L., *of the table, drinking.*

Sir N. Come, Grubby, let's be doing,—I'll go you odd or even for fifty.

Gru. No, Sir Nicodemus, I never play.

Sir N. Must do something; will you cut in the hat for a cool hundred? or, I'll gallop a maggot with you for a thousand.

Gru. I'm not to be bit by the maggot.

Sir N. Well said, Grubby, cut the cards.

Gru. My dear Sir Nicodemus, we must think of business: a very awkward affair that the other day,—poor

Nightshade is in for a month at Brixton, and I had my clothes torn off my back.

Sir N. I thought they'd have ducked you; I'd have given fifty to see you floundering about the horse-pond without your wig.

Sir N. Thank ye, much obliged to you, very funny, I dare say, only I can't see the joke. That fellow Mansfield will work like a ferret now; but I hope he'll not find the certificates of the marriage and birth. It was a runaway match, and some thought they were not married at all.

Sir N. Devilish good plan—saves money—prevents the women being sarcy—a man's master of his own house.—When the knot's tied, ma'am becomes skittish, and you can never put on a snaffle, or curb her tongue.

Gru. The girl must yet be secured. Mansfield is too busy, he must be stopped. Ah! Bob Nightshade was a useful fellow, he'd take a false oath, rob a church, or cut a throat at a minute's notice.

Sir N. But how do you mean to work the oracle now?

Gru. I expect Charlotte Todd here presently; she's a clever woman, and has forgotten more than half her sex ever knew. You recollect Charlotte?

Sir N. To be sure—had her in my stud once—swapped her with Lord Wiggam for one of his coach horses—nice little thing, treads well upon her pasterns, and never shies.

Enter Female SERVANT, L.

Ser. Miss Charlotte Todd in her curricle, sir.

Gru. Show the lady up. [*Exit Servant*, L.] Charlotte is in good feather now, and cuts a dash.

Enter MISS CHARLOTTE TODD, L.

Sir N. My dear Charlotte!

Miss T. My dear Sir Nicodemus, I am yours! [*Crossing to* C.] Mr. Grubwig, your servant! You sent for me, sir, and I assure you I wouldn't have come if it hadn't been to serve a very old friend. Miss Trifle, Mrs. Dashington, and I, were going with old Sir Thomas Lovelass to the Colosseum. We were at the opera last night, and really, when *my* footman came to ask me if he should tell *my* groom, when I would have *my* coachman bring my carriage to the door, I could hardly believe it was so late.

Gru. Well said, Luxury.

Sir N. You come it strong now, Charlotte. Grubby wants you to get a young girl, named Marianne Sefton, into our clutches. I'll come down with the flimsey to defray the expenses, and a compliment of sovs for yourself.

Miss T. In the way of business, and as an act of kindness, I'll do my best. You intend no harm to the girl, I hope?

Gru. Not in the least, it's for the good of the poor girl.

Miss T. [*Crossing to* R.] Mind! should she come to harm, I'll split upon you—Remember!

[*Exeunt Grubwig and Charlotte*, R.

Sir N. Charlotte will bother the old one; she's as downy as the lawyer.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Ser. A young gentleman wishes to speak to you, sir.

Sir N. Show the tiger up on a clean plate. [*Exit Servant*, L.] What does he want—some chap to borrow blunt—it won't do—can't see on that side of the way.

Enter CHARLES GAYLAND, *shown in by the Servant, who exits*, L.

Cha. Sir Nicodemus Sefton?

Sir N. That's the ticket! [*Aside.*] He looks a raw one, wonder what he wants?

Cha. You and an emissary of yours have played an unjustifiable trick on a helpless girl, who, but for the timely interposition of a friend, and the honest indignation of a British mob, might have fallen a victim to an infamous conspiracy.

Sir N. Keep your own side of the road, young feller.—Do you know what I'm worth?

Cha. Nothing, if one may judge of you by your conduct.

Sir N. Does it not strike you that this is my house?

Cha. I know that you reside in it as the pretended heir to Sir William Sefton, and I also know, that to secure yourself in your usurpation, you would sacrifice a lovely, innocent girl.

Sir N. I tell you what is it, my tiger, you may toddle to my solicitor and take the girl with you—the white petticoat may settle the black gown. [*Going*, R.] I'm off for the Hippodrome.

Cha. [*Stopping him.*] Hold! Meet me at Chalk Farm at five o'clock to-morrow morning, with pistols.

Sir N. What for?

Cha. To give me satisfaction for the insult offered to the orphan daughter of Captain Sefton. Fail, and I'll post you as a pretender, a poltroon, and a coward.

Sir N. I'll make enquiries before I take your bet, and if all's right, you'll find me on the training ground.

Cha. Enough, sir; I shall expect you. [*Music.—Exit*, L.

Sir N. Did you ever! [*Calling loudly.*] I say, youngster, if you had stayed a moment longer, I should have—— [*Softly*] punched your head. Pistols!—five o'clock in the morning! Does the fool think I sit up all night? If I fight, I may be shot; if I don't, I shall be called a coward. I have it! Old Grubby shall go—he's my man of business—my representative at the court of Queen's Bench, and he shall represent me at Chalk Farm; the bullets won't hurt him. [*Music.—Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*Bridget's Kitchen, as before.*

Enter BRIDGET *and* MR. MANSFIELD, D. F.

Man. (R.) I am convinced of the justice of her claims, but we must work with caution.

Bri. We will strictly obey your instructions, sir, and I trust you will be repaid all the money you have laid out in the cause of the orphan.

Man. If we succeed, I have no fear; if we fail, I shall regret only on her account.

Enter CHARLES GAYLAND, D. F.

Cha. (C.) Her cause is just, and with you for a friend, and Heaven for a protector, it cannot fail.

Man. Be not too sanguine.

Cha. I promise, though I know it will break my heart, that I won't speak another word to her, or at least, I will not be seen to speak to her till the cause is concluded.

Man. I wish she had some female relative with whom she could be placed till the contest is over.

Bri. [*Crossing to* C.] I am sure, sir. she cannot be safer than with me; no one shall harm her,—let them attempt it, and I'll fight like a lion for my girl. I have made her leave off her charity clothes. [*Looking off*, L.] See, here she comes,—and there ain't a lady in the land looks better or prettier than my Marianne.

MUSIC.—*Enter* MARIANNE, L.

Mar. [*Crossing to Mansfield.*] My dear sir, I heard your voice, and came in, that you might see whether I am fit to mingle with the rich and great. If the present possessor of the property you claim for me, would consent to give me a sufficiency to make my dear mother happy—say a hundred a-year—I should be content to give up the rest.

Cha. Dear, dear girl!

Man. I cannot, will not allow you to make such an arrangement. You have placed your cause in my hands, and it is my duty, as your professional adviser, to enjoin you on no account to sign any document, unless I am present.

Mar. Indeed, sir, I will not.—But you look angry; I am sorry I have offended you—believe me, I meant it not: my heart is overflowing with gratitude, and while that heart beats, deep shall be engraven on it your kindness to Marianne the Child of Charity.

Man. You mistake me, I am not angry; but I cannot consent, with the undoubted right you possess, that you should sacrifice yourself, and relinquish your just rights by a too easy renunciation of your claims. I admire the heroes of my country, and, while I possess a guinea, the orphan child of the gallant soldier, who has fallen in his country's cause, shall never want a friend. [*Music.—Exit*, D. F.

Bri. What a duck of a lawyer!

Mar. [*Crossing to* C.] Why are you sad, Charles? We should be in good spirits now. Come, let us all be as happy as we used to be before I had any thoughts of riches.

Cha. Yes, yes, be happy, dear Marianne,—but I—I—cannot—I must not see you, must not speak to you. [*With a struggle.*] Good bye, Marianne! [*Crosses to* C.

Mar. No, Charles, no! you must not leave us so. Have I not promised that I would marry none but you? Think you I could prove false? I want not riches, but I know it would be wrong to deceive Mr. Mansfield. Yet, if he were paid his expenses handsomely—very handsomely, don't you think he would be satisfied?

Cha. Undoubtedly. But what mean you?

Bri. How is he to be paid?

Mar. If I were to write to Sefton's lawyer, and say that I would be content to receive a certain sum, and he were to pay me the money at once, we could settle with Mr.

Mansfield, take a nice cottage and garden, and be so happy! Oh! Charles, that would be worth a thousand fortunes.

Cha. No, my dear Marianne, do not think of such a thing. Mr. Mansfield is right; and you have promised him, pledged your word, that you will not sign away your property. He will recover your fortune; you will then be as rich as you are beautiful—marry some great lord—and I—I—Farewell!—farewell! [*Music.—He rushes off*, D. F.

Bri. Ah! poor Charles! he is right. Mr. Mansfield is our friend, and we must do as he tells us. [*A knocking heard at the door.*] Who's coming now, I wonder.

[*Music.—She opens the door.*

Enter MISS CHARLOTTE TODD, D. F.

Miss T. (C.) Your name is Cormac, I believe.

Bri. Yes, ma'am—my lady.

Miss T. And this, no doubt, is the young lady whom I seek. [*To Marianne.*] Is not your name Sefton?

Mar. Y—e—s, ma'am, I have always been called so.

Miss T. Yes, your likeness to your dear departed mother proves it. You have been deceived, I understand, by a base man, who, having heard of my intention to send for you, took advantage of the information, and betrayed you. I now come myself, to convey you to my mother, a relative of the late Sir William Sefton: she has in her possession many important documents, and her knowledge of the family affairs may be of the utmost service to you.

Bri. [*Doubtfully.*] And you wish her to go with you, ma'am—my lady, eh?

Miss T. I shall be happy to take her if you will accompany us. My carriage waits at the door.

Bri. Yes, my lady—thank you—much obliged! Come, dear girl—quick, get on your things. This is something like!—just as it should be! We shall all be happy at once!

[*Exit*, L.

Cha. You are not afraid to trust yourself with me?

Mar. Oh! no, lady, with you I can fear nothing; deceit could never dwell in so fair a resting place.

Re-enter BRIDGET, L., *with Marianne's cloak and bonnet —Marianne puts them on.*

Miss T. [*Aside.*] For shame, Charlotte! shame! But she shall not be lost! Let the lawyer serve my turn, and then—[*Aloud.*] Come, dear girl! come!

[*Music.—Exeunt*, D. F., *as the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*A Lane in the Suburbs of London.*

Enter CAPTAIN SEFTON, L. U. E., *in a tattered military uniform.*

Sef. After fifteen years absence from my native land, how cheerless is my return! Worn down by the toils and miseries of an African captivity—in face and form so altered, I can find none to recognize and welcome me, none to listen to my tale of sufferings. In vain do I endeavour to discover ought of my beloved wife and my little Marianne,—both, perhaps, dead! Alas! how unfortunate that my friend Colonel Layton should have so recently quitted town; 'till his return, I must e'en wait with patience. [*Goes up*, R.

Enter GRUBWIG, L.

Gru. Capital! Charlotte's a clever wench! [*Musing.*] Let me see: I shall want somebody to supply Nightshade's place——

Sef. [*Coming forward*, R.] I may, perhaps, perish for want in the richest and proudest metropolis in the world.

Gru. Now, if I could find a stranger in whom I could—[*Starting, seeing Sefton.*] Eh! who have we here?

Sef. A poor unfortunate soldier. I have served my country in a foreign land, been captured by the savages of Sierra Leone, from whence I have recently escaped, and since wrecked on the Kentish coast. I am now perishing for want of food and raiment.

Gru. Umph! Were I to redeem you from rags and starvation, could you be faithful?

Sef. I have been found so, when the glory and liberty of my country were at stake.

Gru. Could I depend upon your secrecy, I might make it better worth your while to serve me, than to fight for an ungrateful country.

Sef. Try me, I am prepared to undergo any test.

Gru. [*Crossing to* R.] Come with me, then, but remember—secrecy! I will now supply your wants and instruct you in the duties of your office. This way—to Sir Nicodemus Sefton's. [*Exit*, R.

Sef. Ah! should it be——[*Calling off.*] I follow, sir. This enterprise may throw some light on the affairs of my

family. May Heaven, in its mercy, confirm my lingering hopes! [*Exit*, R.

Enter MR. MANSFIELD *and* SHAMUS M'COLEY, L.

Man. But do you know the man?

M'C. Never clapped my beautiful bright eyes upon him before, your honour; but sure, he must be an honest man, he's been so often in Ould Ireland.

Man. Beckon him hither. [*M'Coley beckons off*, L.

Enter SERGEANT HALBERT, L.

M'C. This is the fine fellow, your honour, who says he knew Captain Sefton.

Man. [*Crossing to* C.] Of her majesty's 44th regiment?

Ser. The same, sir. I have been in it, man and boy, till I am as old as the regiment—forty-four.

Man. You knew Captain Sefton, the son of Sir William Sefton?

Sef. He was my captain, sir, and as gallant a soldier as ever drew a sword. I remember the day of his marriage—

Man. With Miss Allen?

Ser. That was the name of the lady.

Man. Where were they married?

Ser. At Lisborne.

Man. Do you recollect the birth of their daughter?

Ser. What! little Marianne? To be sure I do, your honour! She was the pet of our company; I've danced the dear darling on my knee many's the good time, and carried her a pick-a-back by the hour together.

Man. At Lisborne, then, I may procure a certificate of the marriage. But can you tell me how I may obtain that of the child's birth?

Ser. From the regimental books, your honour, you may get both.

Man. Where is the regiment now stationed?

Ser. At Coventry.

Man. [*Giving money.*] Accept this purse for your information. Shamus, you will take care of all letters in my absence. I shall start instantly for Coventry.

[*Exit*, L.

Enter JOB SCROGGS, R.

Job. Oh, dear! oh, dear! here's a jobation!

Ser. What's the matter?

Job. Marianne's run away with, and old Biddy's running up and down like a cow that's lost it's calf.

M'C. What was the matter with the cratur?

Job. I followed her to the justices and heard the whole story. A fine lady took old Biddy and Marianne in a coach, and when they comes to a haberdasher's shop, the lady sends Bridget to buy a shawl and a bonnet. So, while Biddy was picking and choosing, and fumbling over the finery, the fine lady drives off in the coach, and takes Marianne with her.

M'C. Oh! the cratur! Well, boy?

Job. So, when Bridget comes out—"Where's the carriage?" says he. Then a lot of boys, as know'd her, cried, "Hurra! here's old Bibby the Irish woman calling for her carriage! Who's got a wheelbarrow?"

M'C. It's enough to drive the poor cretur out of her siventeen sinses. Come along, sergeant! let's go help her—it's an Irish woman she is—you know the country.

Ser. With all my heart!—English, Irish, Scotch, or Welsh! All women have a claim to the protection of an Englishman.

Job. It ain't no use you're going now, for she got in such a rage when she found Marianne was run away with, that she swore the people in the shop had got her in a line; so she picks up a brickbat to shy through the winder, and just as she raised her hand to let fly, a Peeler laid holt of her, and took her to the station-house, and Charley Gayland is gone down to get her released.

M'C. That's a boy wid a heart! [*Crossing to* L.] Come, Sergeant, we'll do some good anyhow. [*Flourishing his shilelah.*] Och! worroo! I'll show 'em how an Irishman can fight for the girls!

[*Music.—Exeunt M'Coley and Sergeant,* L.

Job. Well, if Marianne comes to be a great lady, she won't look at me in these ere togs. They're going to make me a 'prentice, they says, but I'll give 'em leg bail, and set up for myself in some nice light business. I haven't got a bad voice for the fish line. [*Calling.*] Yaw mack-a-rel! Well, if Marianne's lost, and won't have me, I'll enlist into the navy, and become first lieutenant of one of Pickford's canal barges—that's what I will.

SONG.—*Ad libitum.*

SCENE IV.—*A Handsome Chamber in Sir Nicodemus Sefton's Mansion, as before.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* MARIANNE, R.

Mar. Base, cruel artifice!—but, with Heaven above, and friends around, I will not be cast down. I feel assured I shall yet be liberated. Poor Charles! and poor dear mother! what will she suffer in my absence! Oh! that I had a carrier dove to fly to them, and convey tidings of my captivity! Ah! some one comes. Now to endure more insult—but they shall not break my spirit.

Enter GRUBWIG, R.

Gru. Fair creature! I regret that you should be thus made a prisoner; but policy—policy, you know, is what kings, lords, and commons must bend to.

Mar. I know not what may be your policy in confining me here, sir; but you will find it bad policy to bring upon yourself the vengeance of the law.

Gru. Exactly. Therefore, to secure ourselves from that calamity, we detain you here, till, by your acceptance of the hand of Sir Nicodemus, you once more restore the family of Sefton to harmony and happiness.

Mar. And thereby forfeit my own. Never, sir! I have a policy as well as you.

Gru. [*Aside.*] A spirited girl, o' my conscience! [*Aloud.*] In vain you refuse; you must become the wife of Sir Nicodemus Sefton.

Mar. In a matter of such moment, a father only should command me.

Gru. You have no father.

Mar. I have! he still lives! In a dream last night, he stood before me, but so changed, so wretched, tattered and weary, that I wept in agony of woe!

Gru. Well, suppose your father alive, and in this house?

Mar. How! in this house? Oh! in pity do not trifle with me!

Gru. I am not used to trifle. I say, suppose that father to be living, and so changed, that even his relations could scarce identify him; that in his distress, he had applied for

assistance to us; that a compromise is made, that half the fortune be restored to him on condition of your marrying Sir Nicodemus—and suppose he has given his consent.

Mar. If, indeed, my father lives——

Gru. He does live, and is now here!

Mar. Live! Oh, heaven! my brain is giddy with wonder and delight! Let me see him!—though a child when he left us, still does his features live in my memory! Methinks I still hear his voice! I cannot be deceived—you cannot impose upon me!—

Gru. You shall judge for yourself: but first retire and compose yourself; in a few minutes I will call you to receive his blessing.

Mar. A father's blessing! Oh! I could pardon the past, for the thrill of delight those words have given to my heart! [*Exit*, L. U. E.

Gru. Excellent! crown me with bays! shadow me with laurel, as the genius of invention! Her dream was fortunate; and the fellow I picked up in the street, seems willing to do anything for money. I intend to make him her goaler, and have desired him to bring me the keys of these apartments; it was well he came not too soon.

Enter CAPTAIN SEFTON, *with keys*, L.

Sef. [*Presenting them.*] The keys, as you commanded.

Gru. Now listen to me:—There is a young lady in this house, whose father is dead. She has taken it into her head, that he is still living, but reduced to poverty and wretchedness. We wish to encourage the illusion, and to introduce you to her as her father, Captain Sefton, who sold his commission, and went abroad some years since as a private soldier in the 71st regiment, by the name of Harris, where he died of the yellow fever.

Sef. [*Aside.*] What can this lead to? I will encourage him to proceed. [*Aloud.*] I served in the same regiment—Harris was my comrade—he often told me he had seen better days, and related many anecdotes connected with his family. I took great interest in his affairs, sympathised with him in adversity, rejoiced with him in prosperity—in fact, we were inseperable, and from a fancied resemblance between us, were always taken for brothers.

Gru. How extraordinary! You have heard him mention his family?

Sef. It was the constant topic of his conversation—e'en now, I fancy I see the big tear roll down his sunburnt cheek, as it was won't to do when he spoke of his faithful wife and their lovely daughter, Marianne.

Gru. The identical young lady, whom it will be your duty to deceive. You will represent yourself to her as her long-lost father, and then, by your paternal authority, compel her to marry my client, Sir Nicodemus Sefton.

Sef. [*Aside.*] Merciful Providence! Join in a conspiracy to betray my own child! [*Aloud.*] I understand, sir. Is the——excuse the question, but it may be fitting that I should know—is the young lady's mother living?

Gru. No, she died in great distress a short time after the report of her husband's death.

Sef. [*Aside.*] My poor wife! [*Aloud.*] Your pardon, sir, but I have heard my comrade talk of this same wife by the hour together, and it goes to my heart, that the wife of a British soldier should perish for want. In his last moments poor Harris gave me her picture—behold it!

Gru. That's fortunate. Act your part well, and you shall be amply rewarded.

Sef. I will not fail.

Gru. 'Tis well. [*Crossing to* L.] The girl is in the next room; I will fetch my friends to witness the meeting.

[*Exit*, L.

Sef. My Louisa—my beloved wife! how must your gentle soul have mourned! Alas! none knew of my hapless captivity. My heart is swollen with agony! My child—she lives!—another moment, and I shall clasp her to my heart!

Re-enter GRUBWIG, L., *followed by* SIR NICODEMUS, MISS CHARLOTTE TODD, *Male and Female Servants.*

Gru. (L. C.] This way! this way! Machieval himself could not outwit me.

Sir F. (L.) Bet you fifty you lose—for a thousand she shies!

Miss T. That man resemble her father!—Ridiculous!

[*Music.—Grubwig goes up to the door*, C. F.

Enter MARIANNE, C. D. F.

Gru. [*Leading her forward.*] Now, my love, learn to know your real friends—there is your father! [*Apart to*

Sefton.] Now—now!—throw feeling into your action—be all that a father would at such a moment. [*Aloud.*] Behold your child! [*They see each other, and start.—Chord.*

Sef. Eternal Father!—my child—Louisa's living image!

Mar. Ha! 'tis he—my father!

[*Music.—They rush into each other's arms,* (C.)—*Grubwig rubs his hands, in extacy,* (R.)—*The others form themselves into attitudes of surprize, and the Act Drop quickly falls.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Woody Glen, by Moonlight.*

MUSIC.—*Two* RUFFIANS *discovered on the look-out.*

Enter GRUBWIG *and* NIGHTSHADE, L. U. E.

Gru. So, Nightshade, I am glad to see you once more at liberty, and at your old trade. You had a narrow escape: had it not been for my interest, you might have been across the herring pond 'ere this. The charge against you was a dangerous one.

Nig. Yes, but I had a full account of your peccadillos in my pocket. My dear friend Grubwig will never let me be hanged. If he play me false, that same account instantly goes to the governor.

Gru. [*Aside.*] The villain! [*Aloud.*] Now you are safe, and can execute this commission for me. You know that Mansfield has ever been your enemy as well as ours. We learn from our spies that he has been to Coventry in quest of information from Sefton's regiment relative to the birth of Marianne; but before his arrival, the 44th had left there on its route to Colchester.

Nig. Well?

Gru. Journeying from one place to the other, he will go a mile out of his way, to call on a friend; he must walk back again into the public road, in order to take the coach; and as he passes this secluded spot, you must assassinate him.

Nig. Are you certain he has not yet passed?

Gru. I am. Now, look out!

Nig. I am to have three hundred pounds for the job?

Gru. Yes.

First R. Hark! I hear a foot-step! and see, a man crosses yonder stile!

Gru. 'Tis he! I shall be unhappy till I see my dear Nightshade again—[*Aside.*] in Newgate. [*Exit*, L.

Nig. [*Crossing to the Ruffians.*] Your knives in your left hands, your bludgeons in your right!

[*They hide*, R. *and* L.—*The half-hour is heard in a distant chime.*

Enter MR. MANSFIELD, R. U. E.

Man. So, I'm in capital time; the coach passes the lane end exactly at ten, and 'tis now only half-past nine. How unfortunate that the regiment should have changed its quarters, and it's odd that Marianne has returned no answer to my letter; I hope no more disasters have happened.

Nig. [*Coming forward*, L.] Stand! [*The two Ruffians come forward.*] To your prayers! your time is short.

Man. Were it but a moment, I'd use it in denouncing the name of Nightshade!

Nig. [*Attacking him.*] And thus he repays you!

[*Music.—A struggle—Mansfield knocks down one of the Ruffians*, L., *and seizes the other—Nightshade rushes on Mansfield*, R., *and grasps his cane, which is drawn off, and discovers a sword.—Tableau.*

Nig. [*Starting back*, R. C] Armed!

Man. (L. C.) [*Pointing his sword.*] Armed! Villains! I will not give up life without a struggle! I know your employers, and call on Heaven to aid the orphan's cause!

[*A desperate affray—Mansfield is stabbed in the back by one of the Ruffians, and as he turns, is again stabbed by Nightshade.*

Man. [*Falling*, L.] Villains!

Nig. Lads, you shall be well rewarded!

First R. I hear footsteps! Away! away!

[*Exeunt*, L. S. E.

Enter SERJEANT HALBERT, *and Countrymen*, R. U. E., *and crossing to* L.

Ser. What have we here?

Countryman. A dead body.

Ser. St. Patrick! 'tis Mr. Mansfield! Quick! let us carry him to the farm in the valley. Lend a hand to him who has aided others, and proved himself the world's greatest wonder, "An honest lawyer!"

[*They bear him off*, L. U. E., *and the scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter BRIDGET CORMAC, L.

Bri. No intelligence. Surely, they have taken her away from London, and the magistrate says he can afford me no redress, unless I find the woman who took her away.

Enter JOB SCROGGS, R.

Ah, Job! Have you seen anything of my Marianne?

Job. *I* didn't run away with her!

Bri. Don't talk nonsense? Have you seen anything of her?

Job. P'rhaps I have, p'rhaps I haven't.

Bri. Only tell me about her, and I'll give you anything.

Job. That's yer sort! Now, then, listen.—As I was going across Wimbledon Common for a nexkershun, I pops all at once on sich a spicey cottage. Thinks I, this is the sort o' crib I'll have when I gets married. So, as I lifts up my head to see what sort of curtains I'd have for my best drawing-room, my sky-lights twigs Marianne and a military hofficer, a captain, at the front vinder, one pair.

Bri. Marianne!

Job. So I knocks at the door, and out pops a duster. Says I, "Who lives here?" "Lawyer Grubwig," says she.

Bri. You'll know the house again?

Job. Yes—by the sly little peephole in the garden door.

Bri. There's five shillings for you; only show me where I can find her, and I'll give you twice as much. [*Exit*, L.

Job. [*Looking at the money.*] Here's luck! five shillings! Won't I have a spree and a jolly tuck-out! No more work to-day! I'll go home to my garret,—for, like other tradesmen, I always lives as high as I can! [*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*Wimbledon Common—Grubwig's House,* R. F., *surrounded by a high garden wall, with a door, having in the upper pannel a grating and wicket to open.*

Enter CHARLES GAYLAND *and* M'COLEY, L.

Cha. This is the house; I have watched the baronet here. Would that Mr. Mansfield had been in town!

M'C. 'Tis very odd we've had no letter since the last one.

M'C. Which was written to get me released from thraldom, when Sir Nicodemus placed me in the hands of the law.

M'C. He never came to the challenge, then?

Cha. Guilt is ever cowardly: he refused to meet me unless the challenge was given in writing. My note was put into the hands of a magistrate. An officer took me into custody, and but for Mr. Mansfield's influence, it had been attended with serious consequences. Now for another attempt!

[*He rings a bell at the door.—a* MAN *appears at the wicket.*

Man. What d'ye want?

Cha. Lawyer Grubwig.

Man. Not at home!

Cha. Sir Nicodemus Sefton.

Man. Don't live here! [*Shuts the wicket abruptly.*

Cha. My mind's made up; here will I remain till some one gains admittance. I have pistols, and it will go hard with the first who attempts to stop me.

M'C. Wait! Shoot azy, my darling! niver put yourself in the power of the lawyers; like a good sword, they're mighty well on your own side, but monstrous awkward when the point's against ye.

Cha. Hark! Some one comes; stand aside!

[*They retire,* L. S. E.

Enter GRUBWIG, NIGHTSHADE, *and two Ruffians,* L.

Gru. Safe again at last! Success has crowned our adventure! The wedding takes place to-night.

Cha. [*Apart to M'Coley.*] The wedding! Do you hear that?

Gru. Now, Robert, you must do me another service.

Nig. Another! The murder's owing for.

Cha. [*Aside.*] Murder!

Gru. Tut, tut! Do as I direct, and I'll make your fortune.

Nig. You've found me no milksop.

Gru. Hear me. The fellow whom we have palm'd off as the father, really plays his part well. If, when he has served our turn, some good friend would then—make him scarce——

Nig. I understand—I'm not particular; I can either cut a dinner or a throat. I have sent Harry to bring up the men you wanted. Ralph waits at yonder turning.

Gru. Beckon him, and come in. [*Nightshade beckons off*, R.] That will do, he sees you.

[*Rings—the wicket is open, then the door—Exeunt*, D. F.

Cha. [*Coming forward.*] Now is the moment—secure the door. [*M'Coley goes up to it.*

Enter FIRST RUFFIAN, R.—*Charles stops him, takes out a pistol, and presents it.*

Cha. Cry out, and you are a dead man! Is Marianne Sefton here? Speak the truth, and you shall be rewarded.

First R. She is, and will be married in a few hours; I have just been for a priest.

Cha. When will he be here?

First R. In an hour.

Cha. Enough! [*Giving money.*] Take that for the fright I have given you. Be silent—breathe not a syllable of this for your life!

First R. Fear not! 'tis my trade to make money. [*Exit*, D. F.

Cha. That fellow is not to be trusted. My plan is formed—Marianne is here, and I will save her! [*Exeunt*, L.

Enter JOB SCROGGS, L. S. E.

Job. Bridget is hunting arter Charles, and Charles is hunting arter Marianne; he's been watching here.

Enter Two RUFFIANS, D. F.

Bridget and a lot on 'em will be here directly. They shall see how I'll gammon the rascally servants; I knows how to bring out the crawlers; I'll——

First R. [*Seizing him.*] Will you? That's the rogue—at least, he's one of 'em.

Job. [*Struggling away, and pulling off his hat and coat.*] I'll be down upon you, my tight 'uns!

[*Music.—Job fights with the two Ruffians, and knocks*

one R., *and the other* L.—*Servants come out, armed with mops and brooms*—CHARLES *and* M'COLEY *rush in,* L. S. E., *and help to defend Job—Job seizes a mop, and swings it round amongst them at arms' length.*

Job. [*Attacking the Servants.*] The mop's quite at your service! Now, my tulips! who's for the next twirl?

[*The Scene closes on the confusion.*

SCENE IV.—*A Handsome Chamber—folding-doors,* C. F.

MUSIC.—*Enter* NIGHTSHADE, C. D. F.—*he looks round, and conceals himself,* L. *3rd* E.

Enter CAPTAIN SEFTON *in full dress military uniform, and* MARIANNE, L.

Sef. Be not cast down, my child.

Mar. Under your protection, my dear father, my fortitude will never forsake. Yet, should our enemies discover the truth, I tremble for your safety.

Sef. Fear not for me; for though closely watched, I have succeeded in throwing from the window, so as to clear the garden wall, a letter to my friend Colonel Layton. A hawker, who was passing by, picked it up, read the address, unfastened the crown piece that gave it weight, and put it leisurely into his pocket. The old man, who had a military air, paused for a moment, and looked cautiously around; he then raised his head, nodded significantly, and hurried away.

Mar. God speed him!

Sef. A few hours more, and the letter will bring friends to our assistance.

Mar. Oh! the evils of wealth! Had we no expectations, no claims to ranks and fortune, we might still be happy; but should my persecutors discover you, they would murder you—their interest and safety demand your life. Last night, when I retired to rest, I thought of you. I could not sleep—frightful dreams flitted through my brain—remorseless ruffians stood around your bed, with hands upraised, to strike the fatal blow—I thought——

Enter MISS CHARLOTTE TODD, L.

Sef. Calm your fears, my dear Marianne, they still believe me their creature, and——

Mar. [*Seeing Charlotte.*] We are lost! she has overheard!

Miss T. I have, but compose yourself, I am your friend. Your case is desperate—all is ready for the marriage—it is determined that you leave this house either as the wife of Sir Nicodemus, or a corse. I must be plain. Your solicitor, Mr. Mansfield, has been murdered!

Sef. & *Mar.* } Heavens!

Miss T. And more,—you, sir, are destined to die!

Sef. I?

Miss T. Yes; you, who have done their bidding—you, whom they still imagine their instrument, an impostor! "Dead men tell no tales"—you might betray them!

Mar. Oh, my father! I will sacrifice myself—everything—to save you!

Miss T. You may yet escape; I alone am suffered to have ingress or egress here. Time flies! take my cloak and hat, and, thus disguised, quit the premises.

Mar. Never! 'Tis true, I might preserve my own life, but I leave to destruction, he who gave me birth. If we cannot escape together, I will not without him.

Miss T. You are summoned; I was sent to inform you, that all things are ready for the ceremony.

Sef. The crisis has arrived! What can avail us now?

Mar. Though but a minute stood betwixt us and fate, there is one who can preserve—in Him alone do I trust!

[*Music.—She kneels—Sefton raises her.—Exeunt Sefton and Marianne*, R.

Miss T. They will be murdered within the hour!—their fate is certain! Let me fly, and—— [*Going*, R.

Nig. [*Coming forward*, R.] So, so! a pretty conspiracy! I've heard all!—Your double impostor dies!

[*Music.—Charlotte seizes him by the throat, and hurls him down*, L.*—he rises, and is rushing upon her, when she draws a pistol.*

Miss T. [*Presenting.*] Move one step, or raise your voice, and you're a dead man! Proceed before me to the lodge—where you will remain a prisoner till the die is cast.

[*Music.—Exeunt*, L., *Charlotte presenting the pistol, and Nightshade retreating before her.*

SCENE V.—*A Gothic Chamber, with folding-doors,* C.—*chairs, and table, with writing materials on it,* L.

GRUBWIG, L. C., SIR NICODEMUS, L., CAPTAIN SEFTON, R., MARIANNE, R. C., *and Four Ruffians at the back—discovered.*

Gru. Now, all is prepared——

Sir N. Ready to start!

Gru. You swear that you are Captain Henry Sefton?

Sef. I swear!

Gru. That the young lady is your daughter?

Sef. I swear!

Gru. You believe that person to be your father?

Mar. I do.

Gru. And as such are you prepared to obey him?

Mar. I am.

Gru. [*Apart to Sir Nicodemus, rubbing his hands.*] Am I not a clever fellow? and is not this done in my best style?

Sir N. [*Apart.*] Capital! your jockey's a good one, too.

Enter CHARLES GAYLAND, *disguised as a priest,* C. D.

Gru. The priest! Now, Miss Sefton, you receive Sir Nicodemus Sefton, baronet, as your husband.

Mar. I do not——

Gru. Did not your father——

Mar. You are deceived—and you deceive yourselves—I am not the heiress of Sir William Sefton!

Gru. What?

Sir N. Oh! oh! I say, who'll pay forfeit now? Not the heir! *I'm* the real heir, then?

Mar. Not so, indeed!

Sir N. Who *is*, then?

Mar. Behold him in that form!—The real Captain Sefton—my father!

Omnes. How!

Gru. Confusion!

Sir N. Confusion, most confounded!

Sef. Villains! you are caught in your own snare—I can prove my identity!

Gru. [*Aside.*] We must save ourselves. [*To Ruffians.*] Seize them! [*Two Ruffians seize Sefton,* R.

Mar. Save my father!—on my knees, I implore, entreat you! I will give up all!

Sef. Will no one preserve my child?

Cha. [*Throwing off the cloak.*] I will, sir! or die in the attempt!

Enter M'COLEY, *rushing in*, C. D.

M'C. And, by St. Patrick! I second Mr. Charles Gayland's motion!

Mar. Charles, noble youth! [*The Ruffians all get to* L.

Gru. Fire on them! They must not escape!

Mar. Hold! My father cares for wealth but for my sake—you seek my hand but to possess that wealth. Allow him a competence, and I will relinquish the rest.

Sir N. Fair bet, by Jove!

Gru. Does the Captain consent?

Sef. To save my child!

Gru. Sign this document, take a solemn oath never to divulge, and you are at liberty to depart.

Cha. Oh, villainous! Do not—do not sign!

Sef. My hand trembles, and my heart recoils.

Mar. Father—dear father! for your child's sake—for my sake, father!

Sef. [*Signs.*] 'Tis done!

Mar. Give me the pen. Witness all, that I cheerfully sign away——

Enter MR. MANSFIELD, *hastily, pale and weak*, C. D. F., *followed by* MISS CHARLOTTE TODD, BRIDGET, JOB, SERJEANT, *Police, and Peasantry.*

Man. [*Rushing forward, and dashing the pen from her hand.*] Your own! Seize the villains!

Gru. [*Starting.*] Mansfield!—alive!

Man. [*Pointing to Halbert.*] Preserved by this brave fellow. Shout!—shout for Marianne! no longer the "Child of Charity," but the Heiress of Sefton!

[*A general shout, as the Curtain falls.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

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(Kneeling.)

[L. R.]

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